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WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1871.

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Choice Loetry.

MARTHA MASON. SONG OF THE OLD FRENCH WAR.

Roble Rawlin, frests were falling.
When the ranger's horn was calling.
Through the woods of Canada;
Gone the Winter's alect and snowing.
Gone the Spring-time's bud and blowin
Gone the Summer's harvest mowing.
And again the fields are gay;
Yet away, he's away;
Faint and fainter, hope is growing.
In the hearts that mourn his stay.

Martha Mason, Martha Mason,
Prithee tell us what's the reason
That you mope at home to-day?
Surely smiling is not sinning;
Leave your quilting, leave your spinning;
What is all your store of lines,
If your heart is never gay?
Come away, come away!
Xever yet did sad beginning
Make the end of life a play!"

Overbending, till she's blending With the flaxen skein she's tending. With the flaxen skein she's tending,
Pale brown tresses, smoothed aw
From her face of patient sorrow,
Sits she, seeking but to berrow
From the trembling hope of morrow,
Solace for the weary day.
"Go your way, laugh and play;
Unto Him who heeds the sparrow
And the illy, let me pray."

With our rally, rings the valley—
Join us!" cried the blue-eyed Nellie;
"Join us!" cried the langhing May;
"To the beach we all are going,
And, to save the task of rowing,
West by worth the wind is blowing,
Blowing briskly down the bay!
Come away, come away!
Time and tide are swiftly flowing.
Let us take them while we may!

"Never tell us that you'll fail us.
Where the purple beech plum mellows
On the bluffs so wild and gay.
Hasten, for the oars are failing:
Hark! our merry mates are calling;
Time it is that we were all in.
Singing tide-ward, down the bay!"
"Nay, nay, let me stay;
Sore and sad for Robie Rawlin,
Is my heart," she said, "to-day."

"Vain your calling for Rob Rawlin;
Some red squaw his moose meat's beilling,
Or some French lass, singing gay.
Jinst forget, as he's forgetting;
What's the use of always freeting?
If some stars must need be setting,
Others rise as good as they."
"Cease, I pray; go your way!"
Martha cries, her evellds wetting;
Foul and false the words you say!"

"Martha Mason, hear to reason;
Prithee put a kinder face on."
Cease to vez me, "did she say:
Spake you true, instead of lying;
If I knew the pines were sighing
O'er his grave, and wild birds crying.
I. as now, would say you nay.
But away, far away,
Turns my heart, forever trying
Some new hope for each new day.

"When the shadows hide the meadows, And the sunset's golden ladders Climb the twilight's walls of gray, From the window of my dreaming, I can see his firelock gleaming, And his smile of welcome beaming, Brightly on his homeward way; But away, with away, Glides the fond, delusive seeming, And I kneel again to pray!"

Look up! Martha; worn and swarthy, Glowed a face of manhood worthy. "Robie!"..." Martha!" all they say. O'er went wheel and reel tegether, Little cared the owner whither; Heart of lead or heart of feather, Noon of night is golden day! Come away, come away! When true lovers meet each other, Why should prying idler stay!

Select Storn.

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, PULISSOAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1987.

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